

# THE SOUTHERN LITERARY GAZETTE.

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*A Search of Truth, in the Science of the Human Mind. By the Rev. Frederick Beasley, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia 1822.*

As it is never too late to commence "a search of truth," and expose error, we shall offer no apology for entering, at this distance of time, upon an investigation of the merits of the work whose title stands at the head of this article. The truths of Revelation do not require to be defended—they carry their own vindication along with them; but it may not be wholly without its use to expose some of the errors and inconsistencies into which successive expounders and investigators, and not a few of them men of the most gifted understandings, have been betrayed by the worse than vain attempt to impugn their authority, and invalidate their force. At the head of these rash and misguided adventurers in the troubled waters of an unholy controversy, we may without hesitation rank the author of the celebrated "Essay on Miracles." It may readily be conceived how a work like this, ingenious and highly elaborate as it is, should have engrossed the attention of all Europe at a time when the interesting truths elicited by the curious investigations of metaphysical science, first began to unfold themselves to the thinking minds in that quarter of the world. It had the effect of leading those who prosecuted their studies in this department of philosophy;

to adopt, in persuing their investigations, the process made use of in arriving at a knowledge of second causes—that of tracing them in their *effects*. They commenced with the clear inductions of modern science, and regularly ascended, by such lights as these afforded, up to the first crude and unsettled premises of the philosophy of the Academy and the Grove. In the course of this pursuit, they were led to remark that the benign lights of the Christian Dispensation, like those of the science they were investigating, were of very gradual but distinct revelation; and that the dawn and morning of the religion of our Saviour, might be traced by a closely observing mind, as fully and with as much certainty as the eye marks the gradual development of light in the natural world. Like the rising of the Sun, whose successive advances gradually untold themselves in the clouds, clothing them with light, until at length the glorious Orb himself appear, the Christian religion, struggling with the gloom of Pagan night, progressively illustrated its approach above the horizon of the Heathen world, until, with the full effulgence of day, it burst upon the human mind. Our understandings, then, are as convinced of the divine authenticity of every thing appertaining to this religion, as they are of the truths revealed to us by the investigations of science and philosophy; or those afforded to the mind, by the evidence of the senses, connected with the daily operations of nature. We thus premise our belief and assurance in the doctrines and propositions of the Christian dispensation, as we are about to examine, and weigh in the “scales of right reason,” as we hope, some of the many and plausible objections that have been urged by several writers of distinguished powers, against their divine authenticity. These objections, from being apparently well grounded, have succeeded in shaking the faith, and confounding the reason of men who were neither “slow of heart,” nor deficient in understanding. It has been, however, well observed by a learned Divine of the Church of England, that “it has been the subtlety of all grand deceivers, to graft their greatest errors on some

material truths, to make them pass more undiscernible to all such as look rather to the root on which they stand, than to the fruits which they bring forth."\*

In entering upon the task before us, to which we have been led by an attentive study of the most important chapters in Dr. Beasley's "Search of Truth"—more particularly his VIII. chapter—we experience all that kind and degree of regret with which we may imagine the Pagan Priests of the ancient Britons to have approached and contemplated the ruins of their venerable and venerated oaks. We have been accustomed, always, to regard the errors of great minds "more in sorrow than in anger." In most cases it seems an invidious, and it is in all an ungrateful task, to "draw their frailties from their dread abode." Homer relates it as a beautiful trait in the character of the son of Priam, that he was the only Trojan who never reproached the fatal wife of Menelaus with her misfortunes—that while the conduct of the rest of the Trojans was marked by every circumstance of unkindness, Hector alone was found of soul too great to visit upon an unhappy female, the errors of a female heart. We could have wished to have met with some evidences of a feeling of this sort in the pages of Dr. Beasley, for it is the usual attendant upon liberal and enlightened minds—but no such evidence is any where to be found in the work before us. Indeed, it is impossible to resist the contrast which the utter absence of all courtesy on the part of the Provost of Pennsylvania, presents to the polished and gentlemanly tone maintained by the Edinburgh Principal, throughout his able and triumphant refutation of the "Essay on Miracles." Dr. Campbell, guided by the clear and strong perceptions of a highly gifted intellect, has taken care strictly to observe the golden rule which directs you never to *undervalue* the powers of your adversary. Dr. Beasley, on the contrary, and we are sorry to be obliged to record the fact against him—treats the arguments of Mr. Hume with not a little of that vulgar superciliousness with which the Plebeians at Rome were wont to re-

\* Stillingfleet: Origenes Sæcæ, b. iii. c. ii.



gard the virtues and attainments of their Patrician superiors. A tone and manner like this, argue but little in favor of the author's understanding, to say nothing of his good breeding: and the impotent threat, couched in a phrase as unfortunate, of "stripping Mr. Hume of some of his plumes," might be instanced as one among many similar specimens of the propensity on the part of the people of the literary, no less than the political Republic, to impugn in the coarsest terms the motives influencing the conduct of their rulers; and to treat with clownish disrespect those to whom, in their hearts, they address the language of the ruffian in the play, "I will never forgive ye, because I am beneath ye." Dr. Beasley's literary style, too, is in excellent keeping with his manners. In his "Introduction," he speaks of our "paving by the sweat of the brow, for every morsel of ore which we gather from the mines of science." The "mines of science," is an inappropriate phrase—for Truth, which is the object and the end of science, lies, according to a wise Ancient, in a "*well*." The "mine," moreover, suggests the laborious idea of *digging*—than which, when considered in reference to the subtle transmutations of true philosophy, no more clumsily-workmanlike process could well have been imagined. Philosophy, it is to be hoped, achieves its purposes by another and better *modus operandi*.

We shall now proceed to state certain grounds on which arguments in vindication of the sacred Texts may be constructed (since we must use the term) which we confess we were surprised to find escaping the attention alike of Dr. Campbell and his American coadjutor, the author of the work now under consideration. In doing this, however, our business will lie rather with the former than the latter—and more with Mr. Hume than either. Before entering more immediately upon our subject, we cannot refrain from noticing the charge which Dr. Beasley has preferred against Mr. Hume, of having *borrowed* his celebrated argument from Locke. The language in which this charge is couched, affords



another specimen of that Ionian elegance of style, and well-bred courtesy of expression, for which, we think, Dr. Beasley will be found more remarkable, than either for a successful exposure of error, or a happy development of truth. Dr. Campbell commences his Dissertation by endeavouring to shew that Mr. Hume's principal argument against miracles, is built upon a false hypothesis. To determine this, was to destroy the argument—sap the foundation, and the superstructure falls. Dr. Beasley, however, would have relieved Dr. Campbell from the burden of this proof, for he boldly asserts that the argument which the latter has been at so much pains to refute, does not *belong* to Mr. Hume. Now, when we recollect that Hume not only puts forth open and repeated claims to this famous argument as his own, but that it was evidently a favorite one with him, we are tempted to recur to the claim of the Consul Appius, to the beautiful daughter of Virginius, and to ask, in the words of the play, "On what pretence?" But to the charge. "Let us now proceed," says Dr. Beasley, "to answer this celebrated objection, which Mr. Hume has thus *purloined* from Mr. Locke, and endeavoured to *palms* upon the world as his own invention; while, at the same time, he has infused into it all the *venom* of his own subtlety, and recommended it by all the parade of language of which he was capable." We are presented in this passage, with a character, as it were, of Mr. H. made up of the blackness of the adder, and the gaudy interlacings of the coral snake; a tasteful blending of colours, it must be confessed—and, next, we cannot but admire and commend the classic selection, and polite amenity of the terms, "*purloining, palming, venom, subtlety*" &c. &c. But let us see with what success the Dr. maintains his charge. The words of Locke are to this effect:—When experience and testimony clash, then the degree of assent is proportioned to the degree of evidence and probability of the thing testified; and this proportion of the degree of assent is according as the evidence and probability of the thing testified, is supported or refuted by other evidences of the same thing; in other words, it

depends upon the nature of the thing testified, and the number of testimonies in its favor, whether we credit or reject it.\* This we apprehend to be the substance of the words of that passage upon which Dr. Beasley asserts Mr. Hume's ingenious proposition to have been founded—or, rather, from which he is said to have “purloined” it. Now, whether or not Mr. Hume's argument as it stands, or even divested of what Dr. Beasley terms its “artful manner,” has been thus “purloined” from Mr. Locke, we shall leave it to those best acquainted with the essays of the two writers, to determine. Dr. Beasley himself admits that Mr. Hume had never *attentively* studied the Essay on Human Understanding; but allowing that he had, and that he took the hint of his argument from Locke, will it be denied that he has so wonderfully *improved* upon it, as to be considered the original inventor? He who polishes the diamond, and turns to account at once its value and its beauty, is by common consent placed a-head of him who simply rescues it from its native bed. We will briefly notice another of the Doctor's charges against Mr. Hume, viz: *Inconsistency*—the most inconsistent charge, coming as it does from Dr. Beasley, that we recollect ever to have met with. In his II. and III. Chapters, the Doctor is himself guilty of far greater inconsistency than will be found, we apprehend, in any of Mr. Hume's pages. Thus, in his II. Chapter, on Cause and Effect, Dr. Beasley observes, “Mr. Hume informs us that we have no reason to conclude that because the sun rises and sets to day, it will rise and set to-morrow. Into such *absurdities* are men driven by the wanton spirit of scepticism.” Now, in his VIII. Chapter, on Miracles, hear what Dr. Beasley, who thus charges Mr. Hume with “absurdity,” is himself pleased to say: “There are no lights,” he observes, “with which we are furnished, that will enable us to determine with certainty, that *any portion of the past was like the present, or that any portion of the future will be like it.*” After having made a remark like this, we really do not see how Dr. Beasley could

\* Essay on Human Understanding—vol. ii. b. iv. c. 16.

have ventured to tax Mr. Hume with "absurdity." In the same Chapter, the Dr. proceeds thus:—"The credit given to the testimony of an eye witness which would establish a particular fact contradicting our former experience of that fact, is founded not so much upon our experience of the *veracity* of testimony, as upon our experience of the *ordinary course of nature* in similar cases." Now, let any one compare this passage with several others in Dr. Beasley's work, wherein he speaks, in the words of Dr. Campbell, of the want of *homogeneousness* between the evidence of testimony and that of experience, and of their being incapable, therefore, of "balancing each other"—let it also be cited along with the universally received truth, that our belief in testimony is founded on an experience of its general veracity—in short, let the Doctor be compared with *himself*, and we are willing to leave him to abide by the conclusion which we think likely to result from such comparison, as to his "consistency," and the originality of his reasoning. Having thus stated our belief as to the legitimacy of the claims of Mr. Hume to the invention (in the better sense of the word) of the ingenious argument against Miracles, the opinion of Dr. B. to the contrary notwithstanding, we will now proceed in our design—which is to show, that *Faith* and *Reason* are the mutual grounds of belief in all that relates to our Divine Religion. Our belief in the existence of a God, is a matter of reason; and our belief in the authenticity of those works whereby he designed to manifest himself, is a matter of faith—but of faith assisted by reason. In the matter of reason, there is a species of self-evidence, which consists in the *nature* of the thing propounded—as: There is a God. Here, the thing affirmed, from its very nature carries along with it the highest degree of deducible, or argumental evidence: and this was the meaning of Locke, when he observed, that "we derive our knowledge of the existence of a God, from *our own minds*" In the matter of faith, there is likewise a species of self-evidence equally satisfactory, and founded upon the mutual grounds of faith and



reason—as Jesus Christ died for the salvation of men. The evidence, here, lies doubtless in the persuasion of my own mind—but my mind has gathered this evidence from the consistency and deducible truth contained in the proposition itself—and herein it is, that Reason assists Faith, in pointing out this consistency, and leading the mind to this deducible truth. To speak, then, of the *self-evidence* of any proposition, whether in the Old or New Testament, which is a matter of *faith*, is by no means to fall into that simple way of reasoning which has been ridiculed by Stillingfleet: “I believe the Scriptures because they are true; and they are true because I believe them.” Our belief in the Scriptures is, first, a matter of faith; and, next, our reason points out to us the consistency of this belief with our belief in the existence of a God. If it be asked why, all that can be said in answer, is, that the thing believed carries in *itself the strongest evidence of its divine claims upon our belief*. Here we have the united influences of faith and reason acting upon our minds, the more fully to complete and confirm our belief. We have said, that our belief in those works whereby the Almighty designed to manifest himself, is a matter of faith, assisted by reason—and this holds, we think, particularly true in the case of *miracles*. In all discussions, therefore, connected with this subject, reason, and not experience, should determine our judgments—because reason will point out to us the *end of purpose* held in view in the working of a miracle; and where this end or purpose is of such importance as to require the exertion of extraordinary means in its fulfilment, faith satisfies us as to the power of the Deity to command and employ such means. This perception and consequent conviction of the purpose to be achieved in the operation of a miracle, carries with it the strongest possible proof of the miracle’s *having been wrought*. So much does it depend upon the nature and the end of the miracle, whether we credit or reject it, that, where *this is such as to satisfy our reason, we never do, or*

never should perplex our minds with the superfluous question. Is this conformable to our experience? Or, Would not this be a violation of a law of nature? That it is in the power of the Almighty to suspend for a time (having in view, as we have said, some end for so doing) the operation of one or more of those laws whereby he governs the Universe, is a proposition which none but the Fatalist will deny. In the case of a miracle, therefore, involving a temporary suspension (not *transgression*, as Mr. Hume supposes) of some one law of nature—this temporary suspension being never a wanton or arbitrary act on the part of the Deity—it necessarily depends upon the nature of the miracle, and the end proposed in its operation, whether we credit or reject it. The *manner*, also, in the operation of a miracle, is to be kept in view—for if this circumstance be duly attended to, it will serve to point out the difference between the Scripture and the Pagan miracles; and in this difference will be found to consist, in a high degree, the evidence of the miracles performed by our Saviour, as well as of those that were wrought in confirmation of the Mosaic dispensation. But, we would observe, further, that from the very nature of a miracle, we are led to conclude that it can *only* be the work of some power proportioned to the magnitude and importance of the objects in the attainment of which it is called into exertion. The working of a miracle, then cannot lie in the agency of second causes; this operation, therefore, does not imply a violation of a law of nature—for what are the laws of nature, as far as we know any thing about them, but second causes? If, then, there be no power in second causes adequate to the working of a miracle, a miracle can have in its operation no connexion with, or dependence upon second causes; and cannot, consequently, involve a violation of a law of nature. Common sense and a just philosophy, are alike opposed, therefore, to Mr. Hume's definition of a miracle.

The arguments of Mr. Hume, together with those of Voltaire, in his Chapter on Miracles, appear to us to be

founded on a false view of the system of nature. We think it erroneous to consider the great scheme of the Universe in the light of an invention in mechanics—in such light, however, did Voltaire appear to consider it, when he remarked, that “the Deity cannot be supposed to *derange* the operations of his own work, for the good of that work”\*—and when Mr. Hume speaks of a violation of a law of nature, he but says the same thing in other words. The Deity, after having so organized matter as to effect a mutual subserviency and co-operation in all its parts, proceeded to impress upon it certain influences which we have been taught to term the “laws of nature;” but, still, these laws are not to be considered in the light of mechanical impulses, absolutely and necessarily dependent upon each other. The springs and wheels of a work of art, are in the strictest subserviency one to the other; but the harmony of nature is not thus educed. The electric fluid is in no way, that philosophy has yet discovered, connected with the fluid which is supposed to be the source of gravity; and the centripetal and centrifugal forces are in direct opposition to each other.

Bolingbroke led Pope into error, therefore, when he made him say,

From nature's chain whatever link you strike,  
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike;

for “nature's chain” is not so constructed as to be thus easily “broken.” When Mr. Hume speaks, then, of a miracle as being a violation of a law of nature (admitting his definition for a moment) how can he be certain that it is a violation, or even a suspension of any one natural law? We know little or nothing, after all the wonderful labours of philosophy, about the operations of the natural world. By tracing effects, we endeavour to arrive at a knowledge of their causes. The mind, in philosophy, never *descends the ladder*—Mr. Hume attempted this, and fell down. He does not endeavour to trace a miracle, which is an effect, to its cause; he assigns a certain cause, as it were, why a miracle, a certain effect, cannot be produced—this is

\* Philosophy of History—Chap. 38th.



to invert all known rules in philosophy. When we speak of the laws of nature as being immutable, nothing more is meant than that they depend for their continued operation, upon an Intelligence which alone is so—while, at the same time, they are undoubtedly perfect in themselves; and would, therefore, continue to operate to all eternity, if uncontrolled by the Power that framed and established them. But it is in vain, Mr. Hume would have said, to talk about the nature and end of miracles, as so many grounds whereon a belief in them may be built—for it has ever been to the *interest* of those, reporting to have witnessed miracles, to sustain the evidence of those miracles by testimony; and so long as it continued to their interest, or the interest of those succeeding, so long has testimony been borne to miracles. There are instances recorded of miracles (we quote the sense of Mr. Hume's remarks) which, after having been credited and supported for a certain time, have at last fallen through—and this because it remained no longer a matter of particular concern to those who first promulgated them, to give them further or continued testimony. Witness, proceeds Mr. Hume, many of the Pagan miracles—and yet, these very miracles, so reported and credited, were mere cheats and frauds—which were countenanced, however, so long as they afforded matter of speculation to the forgers and fosterers of them, and where they have not fallen through of their own frailty, their shallowness has been detected and ridiculed into disrepute—as was the case with the pretended miracles of Alexander of Paphlagonia, which were unmasked by the sagacity and enlightened penetration of Lucian.

In this way did Mr. Hume allow himself to reason—in this way did he proceed to confound all miracles, Christian and Pagan; and in this way would he have closed all avenues to a belief in revealed Religion. To point out the manifest absurdity of levelling the Scripture miracles to a rank with those of the Pagan system, would be altogether superfluous. We would remark,

however, that this very argument of Mr. Hume, will be found to lie against himself. It has been to the "interest," he says, of the "forgers and fosterers" of miracles, to support them by testimony; but so soon as this interest, of whatsoever kind, has passed away, the miracles have been no longer heard of—and these very miracles have been from the first a species of knavery, mere "frauds and cheats." Did Mr. Hume then mean to say, by *implication*, that the Religion of Christ was a mere species of knavery; and that the miracles wrought in attestation of its divine authority, were mere frauds and cheats? We do think that this is fairly made out, by implication at least. But we have said that this argument of Mr. Hume, may be turned against him, and tends, we think, to weaken some of his more important positions, as we shall endeavour to shew. I will not, says Mr. Hume, believe one miracle more than another—the Scripture and the Pagan miracles are, to my mind, one and the same—for *all* miracles are found to have been promulgated in support of some *temporal* interest, with which they have passed away—these miracles, therefore, must have been forged and false; for otherwise, they would have been handed down to the latest posterity. Now, unfortunately for Mr. Hume, the very argument against false miracles, goes to the vindication of the true. The Scripture miracles could not have been forgeries, since they still maintain their ground in our belief; and the Religion, in support of which they were wrought, could not have been any mere "temporal interest," since this Religion has been regularly progressive from the hour of its first promulgation, down to the present. The bird, it will be seen here, is wounded by an arrow feathered from its own wing. Considerable importance has been attached to those histories of Heathen writers, controverting many portions of Holy Writ; but these histories, independent of the confused state of the materials which their authors had to work upon (the consequence of the corruptions that had crept into the true religion) are not entitled to the least credit in *them-*

*selves*—and this for reasons which our limits will not now permit us to assign ; but which any one, who will take the trouble, will find given at length in the admirable pages of Stillingfleet.\* But, admitting that some of these writers have given a faithful account of the state of religious matters, as they may have fallen under their own eyes—still, these accounts, militating against the true Religion, can carry with them no possible weight, when we come to consider that most of the reigning Religions, at the time of the appearance of our Saviour, became gradually engrafted—at least portions, just enough for corruption—upon the Christian system. The Oriental Philosophy, or Science, as it was called, in order to distinguish it from the Greek and Roman philosophy—this precious mass of atheistical subtleties, became in a great degree blended with the doctrines of Christianity. Those Pagans who became converts to the new religion, endeavoured to accommodate its doctrines to those of their philosophy. Under the provincial government of Herod, Roman customs and refinements were introduced at Palestine—until, at length, the Jews were led to adopt many of the religious rites of the Romans, which certain writers endeavoured to trace to the pages of the Evangelists. Here was a corruption which, had it not been detected and exposed, would in all likelihood have been handed down to us by Heathen authors as an evidence against the religion of our Saviour. Thus it was that most of these writers, at the time of Christ's appearance, from a kind of moral malformation, quite distorted the rays of the genuine religion—or, to use a more apposite figure, their mental vision became confused and duped, from being presented with a double medium of perspective.

Those nations who received the first and purest principles of the Christian Religion from the immediate posterity of Noah, such as the Britons, Gauls, and other Celtic tribes, must have given full faith and credit to the doctrines of this religion, as the channels through which

\* *Origines Sacre*—Chap. 10.



they received the streams of Truth, must have been free from all obstruction ; and traceable up to its living fountain, God himself. Among these very people, however, this very religion became gradually corrupted ; until, at last, it degenerated into the grossest superstition. That this religion should have thrown its beams athwart the darkness of those ages, proves that its light was indeed an emanation from a higher and more effulgent source. But, Mr. Hume would doubtless have asked, why was the working of miracles not made a part of the Patriarchal, as well as the Mosaic dispensation ? To this it has been replied, that, as the Jewish Legislator was commissioned to proclaim and establish a *new* dispensation, and to declare the abrogation of the old, it was necessary, among an idolatrous people, to produce the most convincing evidence of his divine authority to do so. The Patriarchal dispensation carried along with it sufficient evidence, independent of miracles, of the truths which it inculcated—while, at the same time, these truths did not require that high degree of evidence which was afforded by the signs of Moses' Rod—because in exact proportion to their importance, was the evidence they carried along with them—and here we have the truth of our premises, that miracles are species of final causes, at once confirmed. Where our business is to consider the end or purpose held in view in the working of a miracle, and where this is such as to require the use of extraordinary means in its accomplishment, we should surely never wonder at the nature of these means, and allow ourselves to say, that they are beyond the reach of Infinite power. Our Saviour performed miracles as well as did Moses, and why ? because, like the Prophet of the Jews, he was commissioned to abolish one dispensation, and to establish another—he was to convince the Christian world of the abrogation of the Levitical dispensation, and of the establishment of his own Divine Covenant. This was a momentous mission ; and required, therefore, the highest possible evidence of its divine appointment. In each of these instances of the working of miracles, we find that they had peculiar and

important *ends* in view; the means employed, then, were only in proportion to those ends. It has always appeared to us, that to deny the stronger evidences of the Christian religion, is to deny that religion *in toto*—for what mathematical truth was ever elicited, where the process of demonstration had been disputed? Let the process go on, and the truth will appear; but stop the process, and you stop the truth—if you close your eyes, you shut out the light. Perhaps, however, Mr. Hume would have told us, that the miracles of the burning Bush, the Rod, and the Leprous hand, all of which were designed to convince Moses that he was the chosen prophet of God—perhaps, we say, Mr. Hume would have contended, that these appearances were mere illusions of sense, or certain natural phenomena—but to this it might be replied, in his own words, that such illusions of sense would have constituted in themselves still greater miracles than those which led to the legation of the Prophet; and in that case, in the very words of the “*Essay on Miracles*,” “We must weigh the one miracle against the other; and, according to the superiority which we discover, we pronounce our decision, and *always reject the greater*.”\* Mr. Hume, as if delighting to repose on the “pillow of doubt,” proceeds next to impugn the Pentateuch, and the account it gives of the Deluge.† Now Mr. Hume says, “I always credit the evidence of my *own senses*.” Let us then ask, whether there be no such evidence afforded us in corroboration of the Mosaic account of that event? Was Mr. Hume ignorant of physical geography? Does it not furnish the most conclusive evidence in confirmation of the truth of this portion of the Mosaic history? Do not

\* “The circumstance,” says Dr. Rush, “of supposed sights and sounds being never seen nor heard by two persons at the same time, though close to each other, proving them to be the effect of disease in the single person who sees or hears the supposed persons or sounds, might be applied to invalidate the accounts of Scripture of the supernatural voices and objects heard and seen by Daniel, Elisha, and St. Paul. This, however, proves nothing—for, admitting the voices or objects that were heard or seen by the Apostles and Prophets above mentioned, to have been produced by a change in the natural actions of the brain, or the organs of hearing or seeing, that change, considering its design, was no less supernatural, than if the voices or objects had been really seen or heard.”—*Diseases of the Mind*—Chap. 15.

† For a Zoological objection to this portion of the Mosaic history, we would refer the reader to Mr. Lawrence's admirable “*Lectures on Zoology*, &c.”

the metaphysical subtleties of a "variable and a uniform experience, the one giving rise to probability, the other to proof," vanish before the clear lights, we will not say of Revelation, but of that very evidence in favor of which Mr. Hume is so exclusive an advocate—the evidence of our senses? Here is a species of natural evidence, which cannot be confuted; and yet of no greater authority, we apprehend, than that moral testimony which it has been the ingenious, but we trust unsuccessful attempt of Mr. Hume to invalidate and defeat. But Mr. Hume goes on to say, that our belief in testimony is founded on experience; and this experience, according to Dr. Campbell, is itself derived from testimony—so that until we can assure ourselves of the truth of this experience, so derived, the argument against miracles can have no weight. But this very reasoning, Mr. Hume would have said, is in favor of my proposition—that our experience of the veracity of testimony being variable, this variable experience can lead only to probability, and never to proof—but, retorts Dr. Campbell, if we cannot assure ourselves of the truth of this experience, so derived, is it not absurd to talk of our belief in testimony being founded on experience? You must either admit the veracity of testimony, or else you must give up your favorite argument—and if you do admit the veracity of testimony, then testimony is proof sufficient to confirm our belief in the miracles recorded in Scripture. We have supposed Mr. Hume and Dr. Campbell to argue in this way; and the latter, it will be seen, gets the better of the former—for how can Mr. Hume question the veracity of testimony, and yet bottom his argument upon an experience which is itself derived from testimony? If Mr. Hume refuse to admit that testimony may be received as true, how can he acquire that experience upon which he founds his argument? If he would have this experience, he must admit testimony; and if he admit testimony, he must necessarily give his assent to the truth of that to which testimony deposes—namely, a miracle. Mr. Hume's arguments are thus turned against himself; and on his own



ground is he defeated. We consider, at the same time, Dr. Campbell's division of experience, to be objectionable. Experience, he says, may be divided into two kinds—that which we have of ourselves : and that which is derived from the past experience of mankind. This distinction, while it appears to us inadmissable, is quite unnecessary. Testimony has an original influence on belief—as in the instance of children, who are always credulous ; but experience tends to render us diffident of testimony, at the same time—that is, our individual experience—and here it was that Dr. Campbell suggested his *compounded* experience, in order, we presume, the more completely to defeat the author of the “ Essay on Miracles”—who else would have posted his argument behind the mound of *individual* experience, and thus have held out defiance to all attack. But we have exceeded our limits, and must conclude. From what has been said, the happy inference we conceive to be this : That the Scriptures, carry within themselves their best and surest vindication. Like the deep and majestic Ocean, upon whose surface, only, weeds are found to float, leaving its channel-waters undisturbed—the great and glorious tide of Revelation, met, and will continue to meet, in its progress, with the floating effluvia of Deistical error : but these can never reach or taint the depths of its fundamental truths : but as the Immortal Stream silently courses through life up to Eternity, these impurities are left upon the shores of Time ; and its mild and holy waters are destined yet to flow unshadowed and untroubled to their source.

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#### PETRIFIED CITY.

A rumour long prevailed that there existed in the interior of Africa, a Petrified City. Dr. Shaw, the celebrated traveller, mentions that so much credit was at one time given to this story, that Louis XIV. sent instructions to the French Consul at Algiers, to endeavour to obtain some specimens from this supposed repository of Ancient Remains. Another traveller, Mr. Ritchie, states that an Arab, who sustained a good character for veracity, assured him that he had seen this wonderful city, which looked, at a distance, as if peopled—every object remaining as when first overwhelmed by the sands. He saw in it “trees of different sorts, the most part Olives and Palms, all of stone, and of a blue, or, rather, lead colour.” A poetical

use has been made of this story in the following Stanzas, which are from a Poem, nearly completed, called the "Paladin," and which may shortly be given to the public.

The Knight on rode,  
By wild adventure led to choose  
A path to the Arab unknown,  
For ages forgotten—o'erstrewn  
Like a Golgotha; many a bone  
Whitened the way; and sad he viewed,  
And long to view in reverie stood,  
Armed Skeletons stretched on the ground:  
An Army brave there not in blood  
Had sunk—the Warrior without wound  
Had fallen; a tear the Paladin  
Dropt o'er the dust of the valiant dead;  
Their bones still wrapt their armour in,  
There peacefully reposed, while spread  
A Shield o'er each brave breast—their arms,  
Their tombs become, defend them still;  
In threatening guise, as in war's alarms,  
Each grasps his sword with fingers chill,  
As resolved their pale relics to guard.  
Thus in the red hurricane down  
Calm they'd laid them—the reward  
Of courage still deserving—renown.  
Thoughtful the Knight hied on, until  
Near to a city old he drew  
Amazed, for as the desert still  
It stood—its roofs no streamers blue  
Of smoke displayed—its battlement  
Mould'ring, the Fox and Vulture walked;  
The Snake slept in its towers Time-rent;  
Amidst its streets the Lion stalked.  
The Knight and Dwarf its garrisoned gates  
Enter, and struck a crowd behold  
In ancient guise—of perished States  
The relics—all of stony mould  
They were, in times long past by storms  
Of overwhelming sands oppressed,  
That fierce uprose in pillar'd forms,  
Like furious giants from rest,  
And buried beneath mountains deep  
That city proud, with all its host.  
As ages roll'd with ceaseless sweep,  
Its towers so long to mortals lost,  
The winds slow disentomb'd, and gave  
Its glories to the light again;  
Its dwellers from their burning grave  
Deliver'd, their lineaments retain;  
But all were changed by heat to stone;  
Unhisselled Statues that surpassed  
The sculptor's art, where life still shone  
In form and feature, but aghast  
Wild terror sat on every face!  
The impress of that storm of death;  
Each dome, each street still bore the trace  
Of hurry and horror, where breath  
Still seemed suspended by fear;  
The Knight with sympathetic glance

Of dread, the desert eyed, as near  
 Some danger deemed ; awhile in trance  
 Of awe, like stranger Statue stood  
 Amid those kindred images ;  
 Where, tho' to marble chilled, the blood  
 Its former ties still shewed—he sees  
 The heart yet to its objects true ;  
 Affection here immortal tears  
 Still shed, like the Cave's stony dew,  
 That harden'd ere they fell ; his tears,  
 With passion mixed, the Lover shews ;  
 His dear one clapt in soft embrace ;  
 Here regal piles the warrior views,  
 There stately gardens he could trace ;  
 There, fountains dumb—there birds all mute,  
 There groves no more wave in the breeze ;  
 The tree-top motionless as its root—  
 Here Death amazed his subject sees  
 But half subdued, his rage defy ;  
 Here Time his giant arm in vain  
 Exerts, and baffled passes by ;  
 Around the God in ev'ry Fane,  
 His image worshippers are seen,  
 As if by judgment just, to stone  
 Themselves all turned. The wond'rous scene  
 The warrior gazed, till Night had flown  
 Half of her course in solitude,  
 Tho' all seemed as erst when living ;  
 The Moon to the marble multitude  
 A ghastly aspect wildly giving  
 Of that once stirring, busy crowd,  
 Lo ! nought now but their shadow's move,  
 Blasting life—and thus the proud  
 Here less e'en than their shadow prove.  
 The Paladin through moonlight ways,  
 Whose echoes for ages unwoke,  
 Clank hollow to his steps, on strays,  
 Or listened the wild sounds that broke  
 On his ear from the Syts afar ;  
 He heard the striped Zebra's bray,  
 The Lion's voice proclaiming war  
 To all that lived—and Wolves that bay  
 The Moon till ev'ry beam be flown ;  
 Her light on that sandy ocean  
 Lay peacefully, where peace was none,  
 But death was ever in motion.  
 The scene—pale porches—temples still,  
 By lifeless shapes inhabited,  
 Struck to the Warrior's soul a chill,  
 Thus in that City of the Dead.

LINUS.



## ANALOGY BETWEEN POETRY AND PAINTING.

(Part II.—Conclusion.)

FROM what has been said it would appear, we think, that the poetical temperament admits of fewer grades and modifications than any other—that it is, *a priori*, stamped with a peculiar impress, and its effusions may be said to establish this truth *a posteriori*. These positions once granted, involve the reason why the mind of the poet is less ductile than that of the painter, or, indeed, any other mind. Professor Dugald Stewart remarks, in his Letter to Dr. Currie, speaking of the poet Burns, that he had “been often struck with the *unaccountable* disparity between the general talents of the poet, and the occasional inspirations of his more favoured moments.” This disparity, which results from this very temperament, is *not*, however, “unaccountable,” if what we have said be at all the truth; and goes, we think, to establish the superiority of the poetical over every other mind, whose powers lie in the department of the Fine Arts.

The distinction, which it has been attempted to establish between novel writing and the drama, will be found, we think, to obtain as fully between poetry and painting. The few remarks which we shall offer on this head, will, we flatter ourselves, constitute a brief reply to certain speculations which have been hazarded by Dr. Currie, the eloquent biographer of Robert Burns, upon the subject of what the Doctor has been pleased to term the “*universality* of the poetical mind.” Sir Walter Scott remarks that the novelist, in attempting the drama, fails, not so much from a want of dramatic talent, as from a deficiency of *skill* in the invention and conduct of the common mechanism of the stage—not so much from a want of power, as of certain *habits* of mind. Now it appears to us that these provinces of literature are more widely opposed than they are generally thought to be; and require, each, peculiar powers of mind—that is, powers balanced in peculiar relationship. Imagination is required of the geometer, as well as the poet; and yet, its process in the mind of the one, is very different from what it is in that of the other.

The faculties of imaginative perception, abstraction, combination, and association,\* belong alike to the poet and the painter; and yet, the process of each of these faculties in the mind of the one, is contrary to what it is in that of the other; and this difference in the *mode* of their operation, amounts to all the difference in the world. The dramatist may certainly become a good novelist, as in the instance of Mr. Maturin;† while the professed novelist has seldom succeeded in the drama.

Nor is this, perhaps, very surprising. The dramatist is supposed to possess originally all the powers of the poet; and the romance, or higher novel, lies in the region of poetry; whereas to the novelist many of these powers are denied—or, at least, not given in an equal ratio, and differently tempered in the first instance. The dramatic writer, in essaying the novel, has only to call in the various powers of his mind; but the novelist, in attempting the drama, finds it necessary to exert energies to which his mind has been, comparatively, a stranger. He has been accustomed to indulge in theory and amplification; he finds it requisite to analyze and compress; he has been accustomed to wander in the regions of the imagination; he is called down from his high flights to administer the differences, and lead the disordered powers of the heart.

It is not the *sensible* medium through which the dramatist conveys his conceptions, that interferes with the mental habits of the novelist; for the latter could easily render himself familiar with this—it is that the faculties of his mind are required to exert themselves with

\* Between the faculties of combination and association, common sense would suppose that there was no difference; we beg leave to assure our readers, however, that, agreeably to the theory of metaphysics, there is a difference, and a wide one too.

† Poor Maturin has passed away from the drama of human life, with scarcely one tribute from those whom we have every reason to believe, he has often delighted and astonished. Though occasionally extravagant perhaps, that is, too entirely governed by a fervid imagination, the author of “*Mentorio*” was a man of powerful and original genius. With talents that entitled him to the highest honours of the church, he was compelled to accept of an humble curacy, in which function he died, as he had lived, poor and neglected. His fate singularly exemplifies the beautiful sentiment of Lord Byron:

“When Fame’s shrill trumpet hath blown her latest blast,  
Though long the sound—the echo sleeps at last;  
And glory, like the Phoenix, ’midst her fires,  
Exales her odours, blazes, and expires.”

a higher degree of vigour, more intense and more difficult to be *commanded* by him, than *restrained* by the dramatist. He has not the absorbing fire of the latter—his nice and almost intuitive insight into human character—his elastic springs of thought and feeling, that elevate and depress the sympathies as they may be plaintively or passionately touched—that “fine phrenzy” that is caught from within, lighting up the temple where Inspiration sits, and which, bursting in its fullness, imparts to the surrounding atmosphere of feeling, its electrifying influence. The result of what we have here said, appears to be in favour rather of the *exclusiveness*, than the “universality” of genius—but to examine further Dr. Currie’s theory, would lead us from our main subject. To the Doctor’s remark, however, that “the talents necessary to the construction of an Iliad, under different discipline and application, might have led armies to victory, or kingdoms to prosperity,” we would reply that, as nearly allied as eloquence is to poetry, (that is, as depending, like the latter, exclusively upon the faculties, and not the mechanical aptitude of the mind,) as brilliant and seductive as were the honours that awaited its achievements in the days of the Republic at Athens; and in those of the Second Cæsar at Rome, yet its triumphs and rewards, (“the most pleasing of all kinds of success,” says Goldsmith,) have never had the power of winning a single votary from the muse. The honours lavished by Augustus upon Cicero, appear to have had no attraction in the eyes of the modest Virgil, who is said to have shrunk, through excessive timidity, from the popular applauses (the most ungrateful to the delicacy of the poetic ear) of the Roman theatre. Æschylus, although he was led to defend the liberties of his country on the immortal plains of Marathon, and at Salamis, was never distinguished as a soldier; and the voluptuous Horace shrunk from the terrors of the field of Phœlippi. Among the moderns, Otway is, perhaps, a conspicuous instance of the unreliability of the poetical mind, and its inaptitude for any exertions that lie without the pale of its original



bias. He served under the banners of Charles II. but soon became disgusted with the profession of arms. Cowper sunk into despondency at the bare idea of an examination before the House of Commons; and Lord Byron, at one-and-twenty, took his seat in the House of Lords—made one or two speeches that did not *go down*, and never after resumed his place. The evidence afforded by these facts, in favour of the exclusiveness of the poetical mind, will go far, we think, in defeating any abstract reasoning upon the subject. Upon drawing to a conclusion, we beg leave to observe that, by what we have been led to say upon this subject, we do not design any disparagement of the powers of the painter; nor do we affect to undervalue the many noble monuments attesting his genius. Of an art which has been cultivated and practised by such men as Michael Angelo, Raffael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Reynolds, we cannot but entertain, in common with the rest of the world, a very high estimation. Of the immortal cluster of painters, who more particularly illustrate the polite annals of Venice, we are told that they not unfrequently displayed their genius in the most unattractive and even disgusting representations, in which there was little of the imitation and colouring of nature—nothing to attract or please the senses—and yet the skill and fidelity of their pictures was such, as to impress the mind with the strongest conceptions of undefined power, and thus to raise and stimulate the imagination by presenting it with images of the sublime. The ideas derived from such exhibitions of skill and power, from being associated with, and transferred to the subjects themselves in which this skill and power are made manifest, these subjects, at length, became invested with all that energy and interest which still render them so precious in the judgment, and gratifying to the taste of those who are capable of discerning and relishing true excellence. All this, and even more, perhaps, we are willing to admit, but still we must be allowed to follow the graduation of that

scale, whereby the various kinds and degrees of talent are ascertained and fixed. Agreeably to this philosophical measure, we assign to talent its proper place in the literary world, and tender to it that respect to which it may be entitled by such situation, and its own merits. The intellectual, like the civil and moral order of society, is thus preserved by ever keeping in view those distinctions which arise as well out of person as of place; and which, properly considered, will be found to constitute the palladium of human life in all its relations.

It may be remarked, further, that a taste for the higher excellencies of painting is altogether *acquired*; this Sir Joshua Reynolds himself admits. This acquired taste will, no doubt, be found necessary to a relish of the excellencies of the Fine Arts generally, in a greater or lesser degree; but poetry depends less upon this taste than any other art, we apprehend. This acquired perception of the beauties of art seems to imply that, before we can be qualified to judge of its merits, we must first become acquainted with those laws, in conformity to which the artist is known to found his claims to applause and admiration.—Now, *Hesiod, Homer, Pindar, Sophocles, and Euripides*, lived and wrote long previous to *Aristotle's* “Art of Poetry”—although Mr. Wharton would persuade us that “to attempt to understand poetry, without having first digested the rules of the above treatise, would be as absurd as to pretend to a skill in geometry, without having studied Euclid.” The futility of the above remark merits no further comment than this—that the ingenious writer speaks of digesting rules for the understanding of poetry, which, like religion, is a mystery rather to be felt than reasoned upon. Surely, when Mr. Wharton speaks of rules for the understanding of poetry, he must allude to the poetical *grammar* of Spondees, Iambics, and Trochees, which have not been studied since the days of hypercritical Stagyrte. Poetry is the language of the passions, and of a strong fervid imagination; its

appeals are to the eternal sources of emotion in the heart; and what Longinus has very nobly said of one of its qualities, may be applied to the power itself—that “it is an image reflected from the inward greatness of the soul.” The genius of the poet, extending over every field of science, and embracing the whole circle of the arts, is more comprehensively intellectual than that of the painter, whose art is almost as limited in its range as is that of the sculptor. Like the latter, it is destined to arrive sooner at perfection than poetry; and after reaching this point, it must, perhaps, necessarily *retrograde*, as was the case with the art of sculpture, after the production of the Grecian models, those immortal remains of classic genius, which, like the Egyptian pyramids, are, in the words of Johnson, “*unimitated, and unimitable*.” We are far from subscribing, in the main, to Schlegel’s specious doctrine that in the literary, as in the natural world, there is a period of bloom and maturity, after which follows decay; but, when restricted in its application to the arts, that is, to those which are mechanical rather than intellectual, the theory of the learned German will, we think, be found to hold true. Its correctness, indeed, is exemplified in the history of the above-mentioned art of sculpture, which may be said to survive only in its beautiful remains. The majestic Genius of this classic art, after a sleep of ages, has been evoked by the inspiration of Canova, around whose Grecian brows the melancholy Goddess has been seen to twine her last laurels, while

“She looked a sadness sweeter than her smile.”

She prompted her votary to emulate the achievements of the olden time, but she knew the impulse to be in vain; and with a heavy heart and mournful visage, her vacant musings may be traced among the broken columns of the Acropolis, where

“Each ivy’d arch, and pillar lone,  
Plead haughtily for glories gone.”

Far otherwise is it with poetry; although some modern theorists, Dr. Young among others, have ventured to maintain that the finest *materiel* of the poetical system



has been expended—for genius; it may be remarked, is necessarily original; and it would be as absurd to conclude, because in the pages of Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton, we find collected all the embellishments of which their poetry was susceptible, that nature has been thereby rendered thread-bare and unprofitable, as it would be to maintain that the *Helen of Zeuxis* monopolises all the beauty of the female world. It was once made a question, whether, in the advancement of the human mind from barbarism to refinement, poetry be not found to constitute an *intermediate stage*? To this over-refining question the poetical history of the three last centuries, and more particularly the present, affords, we think, the fullest answer in the negative. This question, by the way, has been examined by Mr. Campbell, with a seriousness which looked as though he really imagined the object of the poet and the philosopher to be the same—namely, human improvement, and this alone; that while the latter is busily employed in tracing the *aberration of the fixed stars*, the former should employ his pen in describing their exact aspect. That philosophy may have some influence upon poetry is probable, or at least possible, but it can no more retard or even weaken its powers, than those of the human mind itself. When it overthrows the latter, the former will, no doubt, fall with it—but not *til* then.

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ALLEMAYNE.

Sorrow may be around thee  
 And Hope desert thy cot,  
 But the love, which once hath found thee,  
 Will then desert thee not.  
 How, yet friends may leave thee,  
 And dreams prove less than vain,  
 That love will ne'er deceive thee,  
 Sweet Allemayne!

Give over tears, my dearest,  
 Or, if the dews must fall,  
 Shed but one smile of love, the clearest  
 And 't will enlighten all.  
 Like the rainbow on the show'r  
 'T will gild the falling rain;  
 And thy heart shall feel its pow'r,  
 Sweet Allemayne!

G.

Remarks on a paper in the last "Southern Review," on the Romances of the Baron de la Motte Fouque.

WE have some few remarks to make upon an article in the 5th number of our elder fellow-citizen, the *Southern Review*, on the Romances of the Baron de la Motte Fouque, and shall proceed about them immediately. The author of this paper, commences it with a very startling question—startling, not on account of its novelty, but from its very frequent repetition, we certainly did not expect to meet with it where it is—"What is Taste?"—to which he has furnished an answer, by no means satisfactory. In illustration of the difficulty of making the great mass of the people familiar with the proper character of this long mooted quality, he proceeds to say, "The *learned mob* appear, in their decisions concerning works of judgment or of fancy, to be much in the same condition as the peasant, who constructs his habitation without the aid of compass, line or plummet, and yet *presumes* (what presumption!) to admire its site, and to laud its proportions; adopting them as standards by which similar edifices are to be gauged, not measured, *to be affected or avoided*, not valued and approved."

Now for our own part, this illustration, which we do not profess exactly to understand, and must consider rather clumsy and inapposite, seems to furnish us in every essential respect, with a full solution of the query. This is taste! and nothing further is necessary, than to call it so. If the *learned mob* presume to say, that such a fabric pleases them, and this fabric becomes a model for others, and is continued on by and satisfies others, nothing further is necessary on the part of the learned mob, to vindicate their pretensions to a knowledge of what is properly meant by this critical word "*taste*." The phrase in the above quoted passage which we have ventured to italicize, seems to be rather mysterious and vague. But this may be owing entirely to our stupidity, and so we shall pass over it as fast as we can. Lest we should be deemed imperti-

ment, however, we shall venture no opinion of our own in support of our previous overture, but take Blair's definition of Taste, which, although we are disposed to dissent from him in one slight particular, we shall nevertheless be perfectly satisfied to rely upon for all the support necessary to our criticism. He defines taste to be "The power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art.\* The *learned* mob, will be perfectly satisfied with this authority, for all the admiration they may think proper to bestow upon their "domes and pillars—cupola's and beehive tops," until the *learned Reviewer* shall have given them a more satisfactory development of the nature and quality of Taste. As the nature of our vocation will not permit us to be satisfied so easily, we turn for more authority to Alison, who had (as our Reviewer will no doubt be willing to admit) some little pretensions to an acquaintance with this subject, and who in different words, repeats almost the same thing. "Taste is in general considered as that faculty of the human mind, by which we perceive and enjoy whatever is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature or art."† He should have said "*and art*" to have perfected his own definition. These definitions are well illustrated in both writers. We have brought up these authorities, solely with the view to shew the reviewer, that according to these opinions there is no such tenet (none that is orthodox, at least) "in the Empire of Taste," which pronounces it "a thing? concerning which nothing can be known, and, therefore not to be disputed or determined." The matter has been long since disputed, and, *except where an entire revolution is to be effected by a partial and prejudiced reviewer*, long since determined. It is not our object to enter into a disputation upon a subject which has exercised the wits of wiser heads than our own, and will therefore refer the reader to another work, for satisfaction of his doubts (if he has any.) equally respectable with those already referred

\* See Blair's Lectures, Intro. p. 5. † See Allison on Taste.



to. The XXV. Chapter of Kame's Elements of Criticism, Vol II. p. 434, furnishes a complete exemplification of Blair's definition, in a finely written consideration of the standards of Taste in which, not only the elements of taste, about which the learned Reviewer seems very anxious and agitated, but Taste itself comes under a particular and satisfactory consideration. The Reviewer goes on to talk at random, now about the anointed slippers of Louis XIV.—ragouts, and the Apician banquet, and finally exhausts his jocularity in some vague and desultory talk about Walter Scott's poems and novels and Crimped Cod and Champagne. The learned Reviewer, we think, again unfortunate in the following sentence:—"We may be sure that words used in such opposite senses, will, in the mouths of most people, be nothing more than words. It were desirable to chain this Proteus within the limits of an ascertainable identity, &c." Now really, people seldom make the enquiry in matters of taste, where all depends upon that natural and *acquired* perception with which each individual is more or less satisfied within himself, and which is the only point of difficulty, if there be any, in determining what taste is and establishing a general, and therefore correct standard of it. A subject so arbitrary admits of but little discussion—the case is settled in every man's mind before hand, and it will not be in the learned Reviewer's power, without, like the Proteus of his own comparison, he assumes a shape a hundred times multiplied, and talks with a little less flippancy—less wit he could not have! From the nature of Taste the Reviewer goes on to a consideration of the varieties of taste, as illustrated by the relish which different readers possess for writing utterly various and distinct in their character. To the illustration of the "*learned mob*," which he has given us, we again return, to shew that the mind which receives pleasure from the contemplation of a large mansion, is not thereby incapacitated from deriving a certain satisfaction from a small one. Taste is unlimited in its

operations, and, as an effect of the imagination, wherever objects are accumulated and creations of any kind multiplied—romantic, fanciful or downright *prone*, the faculty of perceiving and deriving satisfaction therefrom, is that same quality of Taste—constituted as it may be, and resulting from whatever the learned Reviewer thinks proper. ‘But what is Taste?’ he still cries, as *he* proceeds to reiterate most of those metaphysical truisms, so often harped upon before, and venturing an occasional glance into some of those loose, and idle mysticisms, whose progress is confusion, and whose termination is larkness. All this trouble is taken, however, solely to introduce to the American reader, the novels and romances of the German, Baron de la Motte Fouque—a writer, to whom the sagacious Reviewer assigns the preference over Sir Walter Scott. It was unfortunate for him in doing so that he furnished any specimens of his author, *done* into English, as the “*learned mob*” are really not so ignorant as the Reviewer seems to consider them, and will not be content with the *ipse dixit* of any Critic under the sun, in opposition to the plain course of human judgment, always just and inflexible in the end, although *Taste* may still remain inaccurately defined, and indeterminate understood.

We shall, after noticing the judgment of the learned Reviewer, where he boldly gives the palm to the German over the Scotch novelist, quote an extract in which the Reviewer particularizes a passage in *Ivanhoe* as inferior, which we shall also quote, that our readers generally may be able as well as ourselves to determine on the parallel.

Fire the castle! cried Manfred. ‘Let him (Roderick) be consumed in his own labyrinth. In these square vaults!’ said Reidmar in derision. ‘And if it were possible, I would not have it so. I’ll take his sorcerer, hand to hand, or kill him. We have possession of the three doors, and also an open retreat. The sorcerer may, perhaps, put forth his arch devices. They shall at least become weary with my destruction. Forward! those who have a taste for this kind of hunting. I make for the North door.’ Some young men followed him, whilst Manfred glowing with provoked emulation, also accompanied by some clansmen, began the search on the opposite side. In the singular way through sunken cellars, halls and rooms, the Scots, who followed Reidmar, frequently blew their hunting horns, in order to keep up an intelligence with their companions in the great hall, and also by their answer, to be better able to direct their own course. The same thing was done on Manfred’s side, and they reciprocated from the hall downwards the salutation of both

parties. In this way it happened, that the whole castle rang with the noise of horns, which rebounded wonderfully from the vaults, and awakened in Reidmar's bosom the fearful thought, that it was in reality a man-chase, in which a human being was regularly hunted by human beings. Still his excitement only became the wilder in full pursuit, his steps mounted and descended—the few prisoners which he now made, he took no time to interrogate, in the apprehension that Manfred might snatch from him the greatest glory of the day. Moreover, at every step, the number of his companions was diminished. He was obliged to send some to guard the prisoners, and others to occupy, or to search out the labyrinths of the ramified passages. He had only three or four with him, as the clang of arms from the side of Manfred struck his ears, whose voice he thought he distinctly heard. Now, the desire of at least dividing the laurel, precipitated him forward with such rapidity that his companions lost sight of him in the progress through some deserted passages, and he entered quite alone the door of a long, high-arched, dilapidated hall. The grass peeped out from between the stones of its rarely trodden pavement, and brought to the mind of the solitary, the adventure of the knight; who, with the nun, had fallen into his friend's burial vault; at the same moment, he remembered the trap-doors of the entrances, and the howl of those who fell through them. He stood hesitating. Through the windows, almost destitute of glass, a sharp current of air moved the stems of the grass on the floor, and dashed from them, as Reidmar now plainly perceived drops of blood on the stone. At the same instant, the noise of arms sounded out of the depth quite near, but a little further forward. That Rodrick must have left these traces of blood behind in his fight; that Manfred must even at that moment, be engaged in fight with him, shot like a flash of lightning through Reidmar's mind. With the speed of the wind, he flew through the hideous hall. At the farther side stood an open door, disclosing some steps which led beneath. A steeling sound of complaint, in which Reidmar recognized Manfred's voice, added wings to his steps. Having descended, he stood in a large, damp vault, at the other end of which he noticed Manfred, whom Rodrick held fast to the ground. Rodrick howled like an enraged animal over his opponent, whilst Manfred groined out; 'hard! hard to meet my death in this vault! an infuriated enemy before me.'

"Hastening thither, Reidmar saw that Rodrick was worked up to real madness by wounds and rage, attempting to stick his teeth into the face of the fallen, who now but feebly defended himself. Reidmar lifted his blade, but Rodrick applied himself to his sword with all the fearful energy of a maniac, raised in the air like a giant, and hurled a blow at Reidmar's breast, which, at the same moment, brought the latter, in great pain, to the ground. Manfred now lay still in mute astonishment. Now Rodrick, placed between both, burst into laughter, and mocked at them in childish wantonness, and then forming at the mouth fastened upon Reidmar. Astonishment gave force and resolution to the latter. He snatched a pistol from his belt, and fired it off in close contact with Rodrick's breast. The report reverberated like a clap of thunder through the vault, and the madman rolled himself sideways, with a piteous howl. As Reidmar stood up tottering, Manfred also tried to raise himself. He supported himself on the proffered arm of his deliverer, both held fast upon one another, glad, in this solitude, after this event, of the consolation of being near some known human being. "That was a horrible conflict," said Manfred in a hoarse tone. Reidmar nodded his assent. They did not venture themselves upon the body of the dead man, hardly yet stiff, but Reidmar took, as a trophy, the sword, which, in his last agony, he had hurled from him. It was only when they found the deserted hall behind them, and the sounds of their companions' horns bespoke the approach of human beings, that the colour returned to their cheeks, and breasts began again to breathe freely."

This we hold to be as stupid and unnatural, as it was possible for the heaviest headed German to make it. Mr. Manfred—a hot headed gallant too, roars out while at the feet of his enemy—"how hard it is to meet death in a vault—and an enemy over me"—were we of Irish descent, we could tell him it is very hard to



meet death any where. And now for our Reviewer's estimate.

"Roderick and Front de Bœuf are evidently the same description of character. *We think, however, judgment is on the side of the foreign writer, who makes his monster rather remarkable for exhibitions of corporeal energy, and furious gesticulation, than for venting his spleen in words. We consider the last dying speech of Front de Bœuf as presenting mere pages of inanity.* Whether for good or for evil the speeches of all men, *in articulo*, are we take it like all speeches of persons in earnest, short and pithy. Where the style in such cases, is exuberant, we may be sure that it is the writer and not the moribund who holds forth."

To the latter opinion, with certain qualifications, we certainly agree. Were the Reviewer, for instance, upon his death-bed, which heaven forefend! his last words might be—"Taste—what is taste?" But, we are of opinion that the situation of Front de Bœuf would have brought forth the same rambling combination of blasphemy and madness from the lips of any one. The pain of his wounds—their irritation—the fear of death and that struggle with its slow and certain approach which to the guilty must have brought the most awful associations, were not exaggerated or lessened by his last words. His death bed, was not that of peace, but of madness, guilt and horror, all aroused, leagued with the terrible agony of approaching punishment. We quote this passage from *Ivanhoe*, as it has always been a favorite one with us, and we do not shrink from the comparison.

"'Hold thy belief,' replied Ulrica, 'till the proof reach thee—But, no!' she said, interrupting herself, 'thou shalt know, even now, the doom, which all thy power, strength, and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for thee by this feeble hand. Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies in sable folds through the chamber. Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eyes—the difficulty of thy cumbered breathing. No! Front-de-Bœuf, there is another cause—Remembrest thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath these apartments?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "thou hast not set fire to it.—By heaven thou hast, and the castle is in flames!"

"They are fast rising at least," said Ulrica, with frightful composure; "and a signal shall soon wave to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. Farewell, Front-de-Bœuf! May Mista, Skogula, and Zernebock, gods of the Ancient Saxons—fiends, as the priests now call them—supply the place of comforters at your dying bed, which Ulrica now relinquishes! But know, if it will give thee comfort to know it, that Ulrica is bound to the same dark coast

with thyself, the companion of thy punishment as the companion of thy guilt. And now, parried, farewell for ever. May each stone of this vaulted roof find a tongue to echo that title into thine ear.

So saying, she left the apartment; and Front-de-Bœuf could hear the crash of the ponderous key as she locked and double-locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the most slender chance of escape. In the extremity of agony he shouted upon his servants and allies—"Stephen and Saint Maur. Clement and Giles. I burn here unaided. To the rescue—to the rescue, brave Bois-Guilbert, valiant De Bracy—it is Front-de-Bœuf who calls. It is your master, ye traitor squires.—Your ally—your brother in arms, ye perjured and faithless knights—all the curses due to traitors upon your recreant heads, do you abandon me to perish thus miserably. They hear me not—they cannot hear me—my voice is lost in the din of battle. The smoke rolls thicker—the fire has caught upon the floor below—O for one draught of the air of heaven, were it to be purchased by instant annihilation." And in the mad phrenzy of despair, the wretch now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now muttered curses on himself, on mankind, and on Heaven itself. "The red fire flashes through the thick smoke," he exclaimed; "the demon marches against me under the banner of his own element—Foul spirit, avoid. I go not with thee without my comrades—all, all are thine, that garrison these walls—thinkest thou, Front-de-Bœuf will be singled out to go alone. No—the infidel Templar—the licentious De Bracy—Ulrica, the foul murdering strumpet; the men who aided my enterprises; the dog Saxons and accursed Jews, who are my prisoners; all, all shall attend me—a goodly fellowship as ever took the downward road—Ha, ha, ha," and he laughed in his phrenzy till the vaulted roof rung again. "Who laughed there," exclaimed Front-de-Bœuf, in altered mood, for the noise of the conflict did not prevent the echoes of his own frenzied laughter from returning upon his ear—"Who laughed there. Ulrica, was it thou. Speak, witch, and I forgive thee—for, only thou or the fiend of hell himself could have laughed at such a moment. Avaunt, avaunt."

We hope shortly to afford a longer paper, of this subject, when we shall endeavour to show in what we believe "Taste" properly to consist, and until then we shall be content to pause.

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[We have had the following article from an anonymous correspondent on hand for some time, which may account for the stale character of some of the grounds of his remarks. We think he wanders too much, and if his object in writing this long article was only to introduce the meagre notice of the Turks with which he concludes, we can only say, he has had very little to do, and has certainly "gone round the mountain to fix a ring on his finger." We would not be understood to disapprove of this paper or of the sentiments which it contains, but it is too wordy, and seems to us, to have no distinct object in view. The author appears to have designed a political paper, and been interrupted by a call to dinner, the action of which prevented a continuance of his project, and left the argument, without "coming round the circle."

#### RUSSIANS AND TURKS.

WE perceive by the latest accounts, that instead of the Russian eagles flying upon the dome of St. Sophia, the Russian armies are flying before their hitherto despised, and however strange it may sound, we must believe, injured and persecuted enemy. We never for

our part, could conceive, what plausible motives the counsellors of the court of St. Petersburg could exhibit to friend or foe, for the prosecution of this modern crusade. They do not even dignify its attribution to a regard for the Greek cause, though at the offset, that was the ostensible impetus which drove Russia, France, and England, to the *ex parte* battle at Navarino, for which Sir Edward Codrington, gets knighted and the Turkish admiral beheaded.

The hypocritical sanction, which the present autocrat of all the Russias, has dared to assume—the features of disinterestedness in which he has ventured to exhibit himself, not only to his immediate enemies and allies, but to the surrounding nations, might well excite a smile of contempt, were not its consequences likely to prove fatally prejudicial to the very cause he has now volunteered to defend. To suppose that the Russian barbarians to whom the very existence of liberty is a chimera, idle and extravagant, and even undreamt of, should possess any of that inspiring enthusiasm, only to be drawn from the fountains of original self enjoyment, in common with the descendants of the “Hellenes of past ages,” is to be possessed of that singular facility of vision, which sees objects in advance of their appearance, some few hundred years at least. A love of freedom presupposes a full and unreserved knowledge of its blessings, and a long and unlimited enjoyment of itself. Such is not the feeling of the Russian, who follows and crouches to his master with the humble adherence of a bound; or if he does start at times from the pressure of his chain, it is only to leap into that savage state of licentiousness and barbarism which but too many believe, is absolutely essential to the liberty of the man, and which seems still more strongly to rivet the chain, which the absence of the intellectual freedom, has woven around the brute.

We do not believe that it ever entered into the heads of any who are in the habit of speculating upon such events, to place the least reliance on the word of faith



of either France, England, or Russia. The old proverb, "Put not thy trust in Princes," applies, no less to the political courses of a nation, than to the individual moral responsibility of a crowned head. The system that the monarch proposes to himself (if monarchs, such as they are now, may be ever said to observe any regular plan of conduct) as such, will never be departed from by the man; except where such system is found, to be, not exactly the course necessary to the progress of his armies or his desires. Rival kings, or rather kingdoms in whose individual force rests the balance of power, may be said, never to be at peace. If the bayonet is at rest, the spy is not, and the ensign of amity is and always has been an engine of deception. It is the sleep of war and its awakening is the more horrible from its repose. To uphold the glory of Christian Greece, the Christian King of England, the Defender of the Faith, and the most righteous power, who still continues to sit with iron heel upon the neck of groaning Ireland, goes forth to battle, as a modern missionary, penetrates into a foreign wilderness for the conversion of its possessors, leaving a more wretched race of savages at home.

France sends forth her legions under the same inspiring and enthusiastic pretence—and it is not very unseemly that Christian Europe should go forth in such a cause—but that the Barbarians of Russia—the Tyrants over Poland and virtue; the advocates for the knout and the mine and the frozen deserts of Siberia, should dare so to palter with the understanding, even of its own barbarous children, as to pretend to fight for the Cross and Liberty in Greece, is an idea too extravagant—too idle—too impudent, not to excite the laughter and the scorn and the hatred of mankind. This cause however has been soon given up—the Russian has gone too far and is too powerful to need the aid of any banner or any pretence other than his own ambitious graspings for dominion. The black eagle, spreads forth his talons, for a wider and more extended habita-

tion. The Turkish possessions are large and inviting and his own vast boundaries too limited and confined.

THE following character of the Turks will give us a better idea of that people than we have at present. It is a pity that our feelings should even at this enlightened period be so unchristian as to limit the progress of our charities to the Euxine.

"Monsieur Tournefort, and other judicious and candid travellers, who lived some time among the Turks, and were diligent to inquire into the religion, customs and manners of those people, speak of them very favorably. They acknowledge that the Turks perform all the duties of their religion with a scrupulous exactness, and particularly are so charitable, that they are always ready to relieve any persons who will make their necessities known. Monsieur Tournefort says, that he never saw a beggar in Turkey. In truth, if we compare his account of the Turks with the character which he and some travellers give of the Greeks, we have no reason to be surprized that so few of the former are proselyted to the faith of Christ; and yet these men are better Christians than are to be found in Christendom. As I have observed before, they are not only eminent for their charities, but upon all occasions that they are easy, and ready to forgive one another. They have no duels in that country, nor is any man assassinated in Turkey from a false principle of honor or revenge. They retain a grateful sense of any favors they have received. A Turk of some distinction, who had been a slave at Leghorn, and during his captivity in that city, had been often relieved by an English merchant, by whom he was at last enabled to recover his liberty, met Mr. Randolph, (whose travels we have) some years after at Negropont, and knowing him to be an Englishman, treated him with the greatest kindness and generosity; and having procured a passage on board a Turkish ship, he recommended him to the Captain in these words: 'When you see this man, you see me; and I will answer it, be it good or ill.' What simplicity and goodness of heart appears in this recommendation. In the rest the Turks are very temperate both in eating and drinking, and the luxury of a table is unknown even in the palace of their Emperor. They persecute no one on account of his religion, and the Inquisitions of Spain and Portugal they would abhor, as the temples of Baal, or the altars of Buisis. I may add, that on some occasions they offer up prayers to Jesus Christ, as to a great prophet."—*King's Anecdotes.*

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#### THE CRIMINAL, FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

(Concluded from page 397.)

'Who is here?' Said the stranger.—'Thy equal,' I replied 'if thou art indeed what thou seemest. 'This is not the road; what hast thou to seek here?' 'What hast thou to ask here?'—replied I boldly. The man surveyed me twice from top to toe. It seemed, as if he would measure my figure with his own, and my answer with my figure. 'Like a beggar thou speakest brutally'—said he at last. 'This may be.' I was such until yesterday. 'The man laughed.' 'I could swear,' said he—'thou wouldst not be kept for a better even

pow.' 'Well then, for something worse?—I wish to go farther on. 'Softly, friend! What hurries thee so? What hast thou done, that thou can'st not spare a little time?'—I hesitated one moment. I do not know how the words came over my lips—'Life is short'—said I slowly 'and hell lasts eternally.' He looked at me inquisitively. 'I will be d——d,' said he at last—'or thou hast wandered very close to the gibbet.' 'This may yet come'—well 'Comrade we will see one another again. 'agreed, Comrade,' cried he, taking out a tin bottle from his hunting pocket which he presented to me, after he had himself swallowed a dram. Flight and anxiety had consumed my strength, and all this horrible day nothing had passed my lips. Already I feared I should starve in the forrest—where three miles around I had no hope to get any refreshment. You may imagine, how I answered this offered drink. New strength flowed into my limbs with the draught, fresh courage into my heart, and hope as well as a desire for life. I began to believe that I was not totally miserable, so much did this draught accomplish. My situation in life again bordered on a happy one, for at last after a thousand disappointed hopes, I had found a creature resembling me. In my sunken condition, I would have drank fellow-ship, only to have a confidant with the fiends of Hell.

The man stretched himself upon the grass, I did the same.

'Thy liquor hast done me good, friend !'—said I. 'We must become more acquainted with each other.' He struck fire and lit his pipe.

'How long hast thou exercised this calling?' He looked sternly at me. 'What dost thou mean by this question?' I drew the knife from his girdle and asked him how often it had been bloody? 'Who art thou?' said he roughly, and laid aside his pipe. 'A murderer like thyself; but hitherto only a novice' The man rigorously eyed me, and again took his pipe. 'Is thy home hereabout?' said he at last. 'No,' I replied



‘Three miles hence, I was the Landlord of the Sun in L——. Hast thou ever heard of me?’

The man jumped up like a demoniac—“Wolf the deer-stealer!” cried he hastily. ‘The same,’ I replied. ‘Welcome, comrade! welcome!’ exclaimed he, and shook my hand—‘it is well, I’ve got thee at last, landlord of the sun. I have longed for years for thee. I know thee well, I know all, and long have I reckoned upon thee.’

‘Reckoned upon me? for what purpose then?’ ‘The country is full of thee. Thou hast enemies—the bailiffs have oppressed thee Wolf! They have ruined thee, treated thee pitilessly, because thou hast shotten a parcel of hogs which the duke feeds upon our fields, they have driven thee to the house of correction and fortress; they have stolen from thee thy possessions and made thee a beggar. Is it come to this, brother, that a man is of no more value than a hare? Are we not better than the cattle in the field? And can a spirit like thine endure it?’

‘Can I change it?’

‘Why, we will consider. But pray tell me whence dost thou now come? And what dost thou intend?’ I related to him my whole story. The man without waiting for the end of it, started with a joyful impatience, and drew me after him—‘come brother, said he, ‘now art thou ripe, now I have thee where I wanted thee. I’ll get honor by thee. Follow me!’ ‘Where wilt thou lead me?’ ‘No question—follow!’ He forcibly hurried me on. We walked about a quarter of a mile. The forest became gradually more wild and intricate. Neither of us spoke until the shrill pipe of my leader aroused me from my reflections. I raised my eyes—we stood on the declivity of a rock which inclined downwards into a deep cleft. Another pipe answered from the interior, and a ladder slowly ascended from the depths below. He descended and bade me wait until he returned. ‘I must first chain the dog,’ added he, ‘as thou art a stranger here, the beast would

rend thee in pieces." With this, he went down. I now stood alone before the mouth of an abyss, and I knew very well, that I was there alone. The imprudence of my leader did not escape me. One brave resolve to draw up the steps, and I was free; I looked down at the gulf that was about to receive me; it gave me a confused idea of the abyss of hell. I shrunk at the profession I was about to embrace. I resolved upon flight. Already had I stretched out my arm to draw up the steps, when it thundered around me like the laughter from the hell below:—"What has a murderer to risk!" and my arm fell back powerless. My account was full, the time for repentance gone. I fancied my deed lying heaped up behind me like a rock that stopped forever my return. In the mean time, my comrade re-appeared and directed me below. Now there remained no alternative—I obeyed. We had passed some steps along the wall when the pathway became broader. In the middle was an area, upon which were lying on the grass some eighteen or twenty men around a coal fire. 'Here he is, comrades, said my conductor, and placed me in the middle of the circle—our landlord—bid him welcome. 'Landlord of the Sun,' cried all at once, and both men and women crowded around me. Shall I acknowledge? The joy was unaffected and sincere; confidence, even esteem appeared, appeared on every face; the one pressed my hand, another shook me confidently by my coat. The whole scene resembled the return of an old acquaintance. My arrival had interrupted their banquet, which was in readiness. It was immediately served up and I drank the usual welcome. The meal consisted of different kinds of game, and the wine passed freely from neighbour to neighbour. Good cheer and union seemed to animate the group, and they each contended to manifest their joy in the most lively manner. They gave me a seat between two women—the place of honor at the table. I concluded they were the outcast of their sex: but how was I astonished to find among the gang, the most

beautiful females I ever saw. Margaret the elder and the fairer, was addressed by the title of Miss, and was not more than twenty-five years of age. Her speech was immodest, and her gestures indelicate. Mary the younger, was married, but escaped from a husband who had ill-treated her. Her figure was more delicate; she was pale and slender, and her eyes less attractive than her lively companion. Both strove to excite my passions; the fair Margaret laughed at my bashfulness, but the woman displeased me; the timid Mary remained master of my affections. 'Thou seest landlord,' began my leader, 'how we live, and every day is equal to the present. Is it not so comrades?'

'Ay! ay!' repeated the whole gang. 'Well then, if thou can'st find pleasure in our way of living, give us thy hand, and be our chief. I have held that office until now, but cheerfully resign it to you. Are you content comrades?' 'Ay! ay' was answered from every throat. My head glowed, my brain was stunned from wine, and my blood inflamed my passions. The world had rejected me as infected; here I found a brotherly reception, high-life and honor. My lot in whatever choice I might make was death; here at least I could sell my life at a higher price. Voluptuousness was my predominant passion; the other sex had met me until now with contempt, here favour and licentious pleasures, were my own. My resolution cost me but little. 'I remain with you,' said I with firmness. 'I stay with you, if you yield me my fair neighbour!' My demand was readily complied with. I became the declared owner of a wanton, and the chief of a band of thieves.'

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The after part of his confession I omit entirely; scenes only disgusting have nothing instructive for the reader. A wretch who is sunk into such depths of misery permits himself to do that which is revolting to humanity—but Wolf committed no second murder.

The fame of this man very soon spread through the



whole province. The high-way became unsafe. Nightly burglaries disquieted the citizens, the name of Landlord of the Sun became the horror of the country, justice sought him, and a price was fixed on his head. He was so fortunate as to frustrate every device, and cunning enough to use the superstitions of the credulous peasants for his safety. His comrades gave out that he had made an alliance with the devil and practised sorcery. The country where he played his part, was then and still is classed among the least enlightened of Germany; they believed this report, and his person was sacred. Nobody shewed any disposition to encounter one who had the devil for his assistant.

He had for a whole year exercised this miserable trade when it became intolerable to him. The band at the head of which he was placed, did not realize his expectations. The seducing exterior dazzled him; he now perceived with horror how deceived he had been. Hunger and want entered the place of abundance with which he had at first been lulled. He was obliged very often to risk his life for a single meal which was scarcely sufficient to satisfy him. The phantom of brotherly regard disappeared; envy, suspicion, and jealousy, filled the hearts of those outcasts. The tribunal of justice had promised a reward to those who would deliver him alive, and if the deliverer was an accomplice, a solemn pardon—a weighty temptation for such outcasts. The unhappy Wolf felt his danger. The honesty of those who had betrayed God and man, was a feeble pledge for his life. His sleep was now gone; a deathlike anxiety consumed his tranquillity. The horrible phantom of Fear rattled behind him wherever he fled, tormented him when awake, and frightened him in his dreams. His hitherto dumb conscience regained its tongue, and the sleeping viper of remorse was aroused by this general alarm in his bosom. His whole hatred of humanity, turned its horrid edge upon himself. He pardoned all nature, and found none but himself worthy of being cursed. Vice had accomplished its task with the wretch; his natural reason at last triumphed over the illusion.

He began to feel how deep he had fallen in iniquity—melancholy took the place of despair. He wished the past to return; he felt that he would employ it otherwise. He began to hope, that he would yet be honest, because he felt that he was able to be so. When at the pinnacle of his self-deprecation, he felt nearer to virtue than he had been before his first error.

About the same time, the seven years war commenced, and the levying of troops was numerous. The wretch conceived a hope from this circumstance, and wrote a letter to his lord, of which I give an abridgement. 'If your lordship is not too much disgusted to harken to me, if criminals of my class are not beyond your mercy, hear me, most high Sovereign! I am a murderer and a thief; the laws condemn me, the desires of justice seek me—I offer to appear voluntarily. But I present in the mean time a strange request. I abhor life, and do not fear death, but it is *horrible for me to die without having lived*. I should like to live to repair the past; I should like to live to reconcile myself to the state which I have offended. My execution may be an example for the world, but no indemnification for my deeds. I hate vice and long anxiously after honesty and virtue. I have shown abilities that have made me formidable to my country; I hope there are some still remaining to be useful to it. I know that I ask something strange. My life is forfeited—it does not fit me to negotiate with the tribunal. But I do not appear before you in chains and fetters. I am yet free—and my fears have the least share in my request. What I request is mercy. I do not venture to put to this account any claims on justice if I had the n; but I venture to remind my judges, my crimes began with their sentence which deprived me of my honour. If justice had not then been refused me, I should not now ask any grace at your hands.

Let it be an act of grace instead of justice. If it be in your power to prevail upon the laws to give me, life; it shall be henceforth at your service. If possible, let me know your most gracious will by the newspapers, and I will appear upon your lordships word in the capital

city. But if you have otherwise resolved, the tribunals of justice will do what they think proper, as I shall be obliged to act in the same way.' This petition, as also a second and third, remained without any answer. In these last he offered to enlist in the service of the prince. His hope for pardon vanished; he resolved to fly the country and die as a souldier in the service of the king of Prussia.

He left his band and entered on his journey. The way led through a small country town where he intended to pass the night. A short time previous, were publish'd through the whole country strict mandates for inspecting all travellers, as the prince had taken part in the war. Such an order had the keeper of the gate of the town, who was sitting upon a bench before the bar where Wolf came upon horse back. The whole appearance of this man bore something so droll and at the same time so wild and dreadful; his lean nag and burlesque dress in which his taste had been less consulted than his necessities, contrasted strangely with a face upon which were spread so many passions, now so quieted as to seem like the mutilated corpse on a field of battle. The keeper started at the sight of this strange traveller. He had grown grey on the bar, and a forty years management of his office had made him an infallible physiognomist of vagabonds. The glance of this hawk-eyed man did not miss its object. He shut the gate and demanded his passport. Wolf was prepared for a case of this kind, and carried a passport, which he not long ago had obtained as booty from a plundered merchant. But this single proof was not sufficient to overthrow a forty year's observance, and to induce the oracle on the bar to change his belief. The keeper trusted his eyes more than the paper, and Wolf was obliged to follow him to the bailiff's house. The chief bailiff of the place examined the passport, and declared it a true one. He was a man of great curiosity and liked particularly to talk of Gazette's over a bottle of wine. The passport told him that the owner was coming directly from the seat of



war. He hoped to get from the stranger some private news, and sent back a secretary with the passport to invite him to a bottle of wine. In the meanwhile Wolf stopped before the court house. His appearance had assembled around him the rabble of the town. They whispered, pointed by turns at the horse and the rider: the petulance of the mob was at length carried to a loud tumult. Unhappily, the horse at which all were pointing had been stolen. He imagined that he was in some secret advertisement described. The unexpected hospitality of the chief-bailliff completed his fear, and he took for granted that the fraud of his passport was detected, and the invitation only a snare to catch him the more easily. His conscience made him a blockhead; he spurred his horse without giving any answer. This sudden flight was the signal for an uproar. 'A rogue,' cried all, and they pursued him. It was now for the horseman a matter of life and death; he had the advantage of his pursuers who were already out of breath; but a heavy hand pressed invisibly against him, the inexorable Fates arrested their debtor. The street which he turned had no outlet, and he was obliged to return. Crowds assembled on crowds: all the streets were blocked up; a troop of enemies encompassed him. He drew a pistol, the people recoiled; he determined to force a path through the crowd.— 'This shot,' cried he, 'shall be for the fool-hardy one, who dares to stop me.' This caused a general pause. A courageous blacksmith at length caught him behind in his arms, and seizing the finger with which he held the trigger of the pistol squeezed it from the knuckle. The unarmed man was thrown from the horse and dragged to the court house. 'Who are you?'—asked the judge in a brutal manner.

'A man.'

'Who are you?'

'What I allege myself to be. I have travelled through all Germany, and have no where found impudence so much at home, as in this town.' Your sudden flight made you an object of suspicion. Why did you fly?'

‘Because I was tired of being any longer the laughing stock of your mob.’ ‘You threatened to fire?’ ‘My pistol was not charged,’ the weapon, was inspected, there was no ball in it. ‘Why do you carry arms with you?’ ‘Because I carry with me things of value, and I was cautioned to beware of a certain Landlord of the Sun,’ who is prowling about these parts.’ ‘Your answers prove your boldness, but not your honesty. I give you until to morrow to disclose to me the truth.’ ‘I will persevere in my deposition.’ ‘Let him be led to the tower.’ ‘To the tower, sir, I hope there is yet justice in this country. I shall ask satisfaction.’ ‘I will give it to you, as soon as you shall be justified.’

The chief bailif, however, bethought himself the next morning, that it was possible, the stranger might be innocent; and that it might be perhaps more proper, to meet him with decency and moderation. He called for the magistrates of the place and ordered the prisoner to appear. ‘You must excuse me sir if I treated you yesterday a little too harshly.’ ‘With all my heart when you treat me thus.’ ‘Our laws are strict, and your adventure made a noise. I cannot free you without violating my duty. Appearances are against you. I wish you could relate something to refute them.’ ‘And suppose, I know nothing.’ ‘Then I am obliged to mention this occurrence to the tribunal, and you must remain until then, in a strong arrest.’ ‘And then?’ ‘Then you run the risk of being scourged over the frontier as a vagabond, or fall into the hands of the recruiting officers.’ He was silent for some minutes; and seemed to struggle with himself; he turned then quick to the judge. ‘May I be with you alone for a quarter of an hour?’ The magistrates looked at each other doubtfully, but soon withdrew by a commanding hint of their chief. ‘Well, what do you want?’ ‘Your behaviour of yesterday, would never have prevailed upon me to make an acknowledgement. The kindness with which you treat me to day inspires me with respect for you.’ ‘What have you to tell me?’ ‘I have wished for a long time to meet with a man like your-

self.' 'To what will this all lead? Your head is gray and venerable. You have lived long in the world, suffered probably much. Is it not so? And thus you have become more humane.' 'Sir, for what purpose is all this?' You are yet one step from Eternity; soon, soon, will you want mercy from God. You will not therefore refuse it to man. Can you not conjecture who I am? To whom do you believe you are speaking?' 'What is this, you alarm me!' 'Do you not yet conjecture? Write to your prince how you found me, and that I became voluntarily my own betrayer—that God will be as merciful to him, as he now will be to me. Beg for me old man, and let drop a tear upon your report—I am *Wolf, the Landlord of the Sun!*—

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THE following remarks upon suicide, appear in the form of a note upon a passage in Cicero's treatise on Old Age; and are from the pen of the translator of the work. They afford a clear and interesting exposition of the real opinions of the ancients upon this subject; which it is shewn, have been much misunderstood and so far from sanctioning, were in reality opposed to the practice in question. The extract is well worthy of an attentive perusal.—EDRS.

SUICIDE.

ALTHOUGH the practice of suicide, too generally prevailed among the ancient Greeks and Romans; yet it was a practice condemned by the best and wisest of their philosophers. Nothing can be more clear and express than the prohibition of Pythagoras with respect to this act—which was, "Not to quit our post of life, without being authorised by the commander who placed us in it." In this he was followed both by Plato and So-



erates. The noblest and most enlightened of the Pagan moralists, considered suicide as an act of rebellion against the authority of the Supreme Being ; who, having placed man in his present post, has reserved to himself alone the right of determining the proper time for his dismissal. Agreeably to these principles, Cicero in his relation of Scipio's dream, represents the departed spirit Æmilius as assuring his son, who had expressed a wish of joining him in the heavenly mansions that there was no admittance into those regions of felicity for the man who attempted to force himself into them by his own *unauthorized* act.

The Platonic poet, it is well known, places those unhappy persons in a state of punishment, who not having the piety or the courage to support their misfortunes with due resignation, impiously endeavoured to deliver themselves by venturing to be their own executioners :

“ Oh ! with what joy the wretches now would bear  
Pain, to let an’ wo, to breathe the vital air.”

Plotinus also, one of the most approved writers among the later Platonists, has entered his protest against the lawfulness of self murder, in a treatise written expressly upon the subject. This piece has never been printed ; but the general principles upon which he argued, appear from several passages in his writings, quoted by Macrobius. Among these, there are two which deserve to be particularly noticed, as they place the crime in no common, though at the same time, in a very striking point of view. The mere act itself, he observes, abstracted from all other considerations which give it a criminal complexion, is committed with so much perturbation of mind as to discompose the soul with passion, in the very instant of its departure from the body, and consequently dismisses her in a temper ill qualified to be associated with the pure and undisturbed spirits of a better world. He adds, (and it is a reflection that deserves to be well weighed by those who favor the practice,) that he who in any other instance deviates from the line of moral duty, like a man

who stumbles in a plain path, may easily recover his former ground: whereas he who is guilty of suicide, may be resembled to a man who makes a false step on the edge of a precipice, his fall is desperate, and the consequence irretrievable.

Such were the sentiments of the most approved moralists among the ancient philosophers. The doctrine of the Stoics, it must be acknowledged, was relaxed upon this important article. But, though they did not scruple to represent it as a *duty* in some very *particular* circumstance, they ought, if they reasoned consequentially from their own principles, to have held it forth as highly criminal in *all*. For their is no precept of morality which they inculcate more frequently, nor in stronger terms, than an unlimited submission to the dispensation of Providence, "Extolling patience as the truest fortitude."

"And the bearing well of all calamities  
"And chances incident to man's frail life."

The truth is, the ancient writers of this sect, are not more at variance with reason, than with themselves in what they have delivered upon this subject. Inconsistency indeed, is one of the characteristic marks of the Stoical system; as Plutarch has proved by a variety of instances drawn from the writings of Chrysippus.—Those of Seneca and Epictetus, may equally be produced in support of the same charge; so far at least as relates to their sentiments on the present question. For they sometimes contend for the lawfulness of suicide, without any restriction; sometimes only under very peculiar circumstances and situations; and sometimes jealously press upon their disciples, as an indispensable obligation, the duty of a pious acquiescence under all the calamities of human life. Agreeably to this last position, Seneca, in answer to a querulous letter he had received from his friend Lucilius, occasioned by some domestic accident that had discomposed his mind, represents to him how much it is the duty of a good man to fortify his soul against all events, and submit to the *worst*, not only without complaint, but with a

firm persuasion that "*whatever is, is right.*" "A wise and good man," says he, "should stand prepared for all events; remembering that he is destined to pass through a world, where pain and sorrow, disease and infirmity, are posted in his way." It is not in his power to change the conditions upon which he receives his present existence; but it certainly is, to submit to them with that fortitude and acquiescence in the laws of nature, that become a virtuous mind. It should be our constant endeavour therefore to reconcile our minds to these unalterable laws of Providence, and to submit to them without murmur or complaint; fully persuaded that every thing is as it ought to be, and that the government of the world is in the hands of the Supreme Being. To deliver himself up to this Being with an implicit and unreserved resignation, is the mark of a truly great soul; as it is of a base and little mind to entertain unworthy suspicions of the order established in the world—to attempt to break through the laws of Providence, and instead of correcting his own ways, impiously presume to correct the ways of God."—*Sen. Ep.* 170.

To the same purpose, and with equal consistency, is the doctrine of Epictetus—on the one hand telling those who complain under the pressure of calamity, that they have the remedy in their own power; and on the other exhorting them to bear with a patient composure of mind the evils of life, and not pretend to deliver themselves by an unwarranted desertion of that post in which the Supreme Being has thought proper to place them.—*Vid. Sips. Stoic philos. iii. 22, 23.*

Upon the whole it appears evident that the wisest and most respectable of the ancient philosophers considered suicide as a criminal act; and that those among them who maintained the contrary opinion, yet admitted and inculcated principles utterly subversive of that pretended right which they supposed every man to have over his own life—so little can those unhappy men be justified by the authority of the Greeks and Romans, who rashly flee from the evils of the present



state, by a desperate and presumptuous intrusion into "That undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

EBONY AND TOPAZ.—A DIALOGUE.

A. 'The day is beautiful; all nature seems cheerful and happy, and yet you are thoughtful and sad, my friend.'

B. 'Prithee let me alone. You know that it is my way to disorder nature's mirthful humour.'

N. 'But, is it possible to be so disgusted with the cup of joy?'

M. 'Why not? If we find a spider in it. See, friend, you are imagining nature now as a rosy cheeked girl, on her bridal-day. To me it appears as a very old woman bedizened with red paint upon her green and yellow cheeks, and with inherited diamonds in her false locks. How pleased she is with herself in this holly-day dress of spring! But she is arrayed in garments that have been already turned thousands of times. This green garment she had on even before the time of Duction, just so perfumed, so coloured, and so honoured. For many thousand years she has been consuming only the remnants of the table of death, preparing paint for herself from the bones of her own children, and trimming up *dust* into *dazzling* tinsels. Young man, who knows in what company you are now walking? Have you ever imagined that this extensive arena around us may be the sepulchre of your ancestors? That the same winds which bear to thee the fragrance of the linden-trees, may blow into thy nose the dust of Arminius? That you may drink perhaps from the refreshing fountain the bruised limbs of our great Henrys? The soul which thought, in the brains of Plato, of Deity, which woke in Titus compassion, may now palpitate in the veins of the followers of Sardanapalus, or may be destroyed by the ravens in the corpse of some gibbeted sharper. You seem to find my delineation comic.

N. 'Excuse me, your considerations reveal to me some comic scenes. How, if our bodies should wander according to the same rules as it is said that our souls do? What, if they were obliged to continue after the destruction of their machine in the same functions which they managed when under the jurisdiction of the soul—like the souls of the deceased which repeat the occupations of their former life?—

M. 'Even the ashes of Lycurgus may still and forever lie in the ocean!'

N. 'Do you hear the melody of yonder Philomel? May she not have arisen from the urn of Tibullus, whose song was as delightful as hers? Perhaps a Pindar rises there in yon eagle to the blue shelter of the horizon? May be, that an atom of Anacreon there flits in that wanton Zephyr? Who knows, whether the bodies of extravagant lovers are not now flying in subtile flakes of hair-powder in the locks of their former mistresses? If the remnants of a deceased usurer may not now be chained in the rust of a hundred years on buried coins? If the bodies of scribblers are not condemned to be melted for types, or to be pulled and woven of for paper, to groan forever under the printing press, and to contribute by these means to eternalize the non sense of their colleagues? See, M.! from the same spring from which you draw bitter gall, my good humor draws comic jokes!'

M. 'Friend, how you overspread again the earnest with sneering wit! Let me proceed—truth fears no inspection.'

N. 'May you then inspect when you shall be in a happier mood.'

M. 'Fy! By this jest you pierce me with the most dangerous wound. Shall wisdom then be a broker, who sponges upon every house, talks phantly according to every one's humour, slanders before the unhappy even charity itself, and sweetens before the happy, even the greatest evil. If so, a spoiled stomach might induce to scourge this planet to hell, and a glass of wine

could idolize even demons. If our humours are to be the models of our philosophy—pray, tell me, in what humour do you discover truth? I fear friend, you will become wiser only after you become gloomy.’

N. ‘I would not be so even to become wise.’

M. ‘You have mentioned the word *happy*.’ By what means can we become happy? They say that labour is the condition of life, its purpose wisdom, and its reward happiness. Thousands and thousands of sails are flying before the fresh breeze to discover the Island of happiness in the open sea, and to conquer the golden fleece—but tell me, you wise man, how many of them have succeeded? I see here a fleet whirling in the eternal circle of necessities, always starting from the shore, always landing to start again. It is tumbling in the vicinity of its destination, cruising fearfully along the dangerous shore for provisions to repair the tackle, and never again steers into the high seas. I mean those who harrass themselves to day to retire to-morrow. I deduct them, and the sum is reduced to the half. Again others are carried by the whirlpool of sensuality into an infamous grave. I mean those who spend the whole strength of their existence to enjoy afterwards the sweet remembrance of past pleasures. If you abstract these, you retain nearly the fourth part of the sum. Others again sail on blindly, yet anxiously in the formidable ocean without compass, only guided by the illuding stars. Already like a white cloud the Island of happiness glitters on the borders of the horizon—already the pilot joyfully cries: *Land!* See, a miserable small plank now bursts, and the leaky ship sinks close by the shore.—*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.* The most skillful swimmer forces himself almost exhausted to the land; he wanders there lonely, a stranger in the land of happiness, and weeping seeks his home in the North. So, I deduct from the great sum of your liberal systems, one million after the other. Children are rejoiced with the helmets of men, and yet the latter weep for not being any longer children. The river of our knowledge winds itself backwards to its



mouth, the evening is as dusky as morning—in one and the same night Phosphorus meets with Aurora, and the wise man who wished to break through the walls of mortality, sinks back and becomes a faltering child. Well friend, can you justify the potter against his clay ?

N. ‘The potter is already justified, when the pot has abilities to reason with him.’

M. ‘Answer my question !’

N. ‘I mean, even if the mariners miss the sought Island, still there are advantages for them in the voyage itself.’

M. ‘You mean, friend perhaps, the pleasure of transiently viewing its romantic landscapes on either hand ? And this alone will be the reward of being driven around the ocean by storms, to pass with trembling close by the pointed rocks, of being exposed in its waving and deserted bosom to a tripple death ! Do not speak any more, my grief is more eloquent than your contentment.’

N. ‘And shall I therefore tread the violet beneath my feet, because I cannot obtain arose ? Or shall I not therefore be rejoiced with a pleasant May, day because thunder clouds may possibly endarken it ? I am now breathing joyfully under the cloudless blue canopy which will be hereafter disturbed by storm. Shall I not pluck a flower, because it will lose its fragrance to-morrow ? I throw it away when faded, and pluck again its younger sister, which appears already filled with charms from the bud.’

M. ‘You reason vainly, it is to no purpose ! Wherever *one* grain of pleasure falls down, there sprout already a thousand seeds of misery. Wherever lies *one* tear of joy, there are buried a thousand tears of sorrow. Here on the very spot where men jubilate, string with suffering a thousand dying insects. In the same moment when rapture whirls our shouts to heaven, howl forth a thousand scourges of damnation. It is an illusive lottery, the few trifling prizes disappear among the numbers of blanks. Every instant of time is a minute of death for human joys ;

every atom of blowing dust is a tomb-stone of a buried pleasure. Upon every point in the eternal universe, Death has set its resistless seal. I read upon every atom the comfortable description '*Past.*'

N. 'And why not *Been?*' Though every sound may be the funeral song of felicity; still it is also the hymn of Omnipresent love. Friend, under this tree my Juliet kissed me for the first time.

M. (turning in emotion, and going away) Young man, under this tree I lost my Laura!

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship; a Novel from the German of Goethe, in three Volumes. Boston, Wells & Lilly, Court-street, 1828.

THIS work, first published at Berlin, in 1795—in 1828, after a lapse of three and thirty years, we are presented with a new and improved edition of it, in evident compliance with the public demand for an opportunity of forming a more correct and familiar acquaintance with the master-work of the great author of Germany. This is well—it is a lesson to the man of genius, that he take care how he approach the public mind, if he wish to secure himself a permanent place in its recollection. If his ambition take no higher aim than that of being the idol of the capricious and ever vacillating taste of the hour, to be set aside as "fickle fancy changes," after the manner of a toy or trinket, which, worn in its "newest gloss,"

"Now rusts disused, and shines no more;"

if this be his mental end and aim, then let him furnish forth as a specific against the elegant *ennui* of

"Snug coiffure, and literary lady,"

new, Pelhams, which shall instruct the age in the manner of adjusting a cravat, or exhibiting an Opera-glass—or "revisiting Almack's," let him once again unveil its pure moralities; and proceed to edify the mind and heart with the conversations of "Lady Paragoness," and of "stripling Dukes." From the work before us,

we can only afford room for the following admirable analysis of the the character of "Hamlet."

"You all know Shakspeare's incomparable Hamlet; our public reading of it at the Castle yielded every one of us the greatest satisfaction. On that occasion, we proposed to set the piece; and I, not knowing what I undertook, engaged to play the Prince's part. This I conceived that I was studying, while I began to get by heart the strongest passages, the soliloquies, and those scenes in which force of soul, vehemence and elevation of feeling have the freest scope; where the agitated heart is allowed to display itself with touching expressiveness.

I further conceived that I was penetrating quite into the spirit of the character, while I endeavoured as it were to take upon myself the load of deep melancholy, under which my prototype was labouring, and in this humour to pursue him through the strange labyrinth of his caprices, and his singularities. Thus learning, thus practising, I did not doubt that I should by and by become one person with my hero.

But the farther I advanced, the more difficult did it become for me to form any image of the whole, in its general bearings; till at last this seemed to me almost impossible. I next went through the piece entirely, and all at once; but here also I found much that I could not away with. At one time the characters, at another time the manner of displaying them, seemed inconsistent; and I almost despaired of finding any general tint, in which I might present my whole part with all its shadings and variations. In such devious paths I toiled, and wandered long in vain; till at length a hope arose that I might reach my aim in quite a new way.

"I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death. I endeavoured to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been, had no such things occurred.

"Soft, and from a noble stem, this royal flower had sprung up under the immediate influence of majesty; the idea of moral rectitude with that of princely elevation, the feeling of the good and dignified with the consciousness of high birth, had in him been unfolded simultaneously. He was a prince, by birth a prince; and he wished to reign only that good men might be good without obstruction. Pleasing in form, polished by nature, courteous from the heart, he was meant to be the pattern of youth, and the joy of the world.

"Without any prominent passion, his love for Ophelia was a still presentiment of sweet wants. His zeal in knightly accomplishments was not entirely his own; it needed to be quickened and inflamed by praise bestowed on others for excelling in them. Pure in sentiment, he knew the honourable minded, and could prize the rest which an upright spirit tastes on the bosom of a friend. To a certain degree, he had learned to discern and value the good and the beautiful in arts and sciences; the mean, the vulgar was offensive to him; and if hatred could take root in his tender soul, it was only so far as to make him properly despise the false and changeable insects of a court, and play with them in easy scorn. He was calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, neither pleased with idleness, nor too violently eager for employment. The routine of a university he seemed to continue when at court. He possessed more mirth of humour than of heart; he was a good companion, pleasant, courteous, discreet, and able to forget and forgive an injury; yet never able to unite himself with those who overstep the limits of right, the good, and the becoming.

His daily look and manner plainly told  
His thoughts and feelings were not with the hour;  
The former had acquired an air of old  
Remembrance, and these are passion's dower;  
In youth all fervor, in his manhood cold,  
Is there in Time to work such change the power—  
Let those whose early hearts outstripped their years,  
Answer, why tenderness should close in tears.



## FANCY.

Would you guess at Fancy's power—  
 Woo her in her witching hour,  
 When the winds are in the sky,  
 And the Swallow twitters by,  
 And the dew is on the flow'r.

'Tis her voice around you swelling,  
 As the night winds shake your dwelling;  
 'Tis her breath that around you breathes,  
 Where the threaded jas'mine wreathes,  
 Of mysterious music telling.

Lo! you trace her airy motion  
 In the woods, and on the ocean;  
 By the bending of the trees  
 As they murmur to the breeze;  
 By the water's hoarse commotion.

Sweet her harp as angel numbers  
 Stealing on our infant's slumbers;  
 Sweet as shouts of victory  
 To him who does in conquering die;  
 When the heavy breather enumerates!

ALWYN.

UNABLE longer to co-operate in the Editorial labors of this Gazette, which will in future be conducted exclusively by Mr. SIMMS, I would express the hope that his exertions may ultimately be attended with success; and that he may receive the support to which I humbly conceive his merits so justly entitle him.

April 1829.

JAMES W. SIMMONS.

MR. SIMMONS having withdrawn from any further Editorial connection with *The Southern Literary Gazette*, it will, henceforward, be conducted entirely by myself. To complete the arrangements necessary for its continuance, and to render it, if possible, as deserving of public patronage as heretofore, the appearance of the first number of the *New Series*, will be delayed until the first day of May—at which time it will be issued on superior paper in an improved form, and *punctually* on the first and fifteenth days of each Month, successively after.

April 1829.

WILLIAM G SIMMS, Jun.